No. 9.] PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. [JANUARY, 1888.

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

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The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life; but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

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THE MEETING WITH DIVES. FOL: M 5.

THE CHASE OF CUPID. FOL: M 6.
FROM THE QUADRIREGIO. FLORENCE, 1508.

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A MORNING SONG FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.
FOR MUSIC.

1. Wake! what unusual light doth greet
The early dusk of this our street?
2. It is the Lord! it is the Christ!
That hath the will of God sufficed;
That ere the day is born anew,
Himself is born a child for you.

Adorantes. The harp, the viol, and the lute,
To strike a praise unto our God!
Bring here the reeds! Bring here the flute!
Wake summer from the winter's sod.
Oh, what a feast of feasts is given
To his poor servants by the King of Heaven!

3. Where is the Lord?

2. Here is the Lord
At thine own door. 'Tis he that awed
Not angels only, but the speed
Of worlds he stayed and changed to song.
Shall he the sound of viols heed
Whose ears have heard so high a throng?
Shall he regard the citherns strung,
To whom the morning stars have sung?

Adorantes. Then wake, my heart! and sweep the strings,
The seven in the Lyre of Life.
Instead of lutes the spirit sings;
With praise its quiet house is rife!
Oh, what a feast of feasts is given
To his poor servants by the King of Heaven!

4. Who is the Lord?
2. He is the Lord,
That Light of light, that Chief of all!
3. Who is the Lord?
2. He is the Lord,
An outcast lying in a stall;

For in the Inn no room is left,
While the unworthy feast instead ;
He of all welcome is bereft,
And hath not where to lay his head.

1. What fitter place could I prepare,
What better cradle, say, is there
Than this my heart, if that were fair ?

The Hymn.

Omnes Adorantes. Lord, in my heart a little child,
Now that the snows beat far and wide,
While ever wails the tempest wild,
Good Lord, abide.

Nor go thou if the summer comes,
Nor if the summer days depart,
But chiefly make Thy home of homes,
Lord, in my heart.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

F RESTRAINING SELF-DENIAL IN ART.

The Dorian flutes, heard through the mysterious defiles of Olympos, haunted by the legends of the Vision of God, taught their hearers, in those ancient, genuine strains of Hellas, this truth above all others that there is no Art but the Art of Life. For the Dorian flute itself was a striking product of the instinct of this unique people, themselves the ground-spring of Culture to Greece and to the world, which taught them to seek after an advance in Culture in the security of a patient reserve. For the severity of the three-stringed Lyre having yielded, by pressure of irresistible melody, to the seven-stringed lute, the ceaseless watchfulness of the guardians of the State decided that the dividing line was reached, and he who lasciviously introduced and played upon a lute with nine or fourteen strings, was incontinently and solemnly put to death, as one who would delude and draw away the people from the life of measured and ideal Art; and, somewhere about this time, these same severe guardians admitted, doubtless after much and weighty thought, the most startling innovation of flute music, and by this wise concession attained, in conjunction with the seven-stringed lute, to the most perfect music that the world, pending the discovery of the Violin—the vibration of string with string—was to know and hear.

This, the first music of Culture—the Dorian Harmony—was distinguished throughout the ancient world as possessing an unique, high-sounding and solemn strain, befitting a people who saw life as a whole, and allowed no one Art to absorb or to deteriorate the rest of life.

"Give us that which is good and beautiful" was the Dorian's prayer: and He, who, through all the changes of the world's story, left Himself not without a witness, taught them, amid the myrtle dingles and the many-sided, oak-covered slopes of the great hills, by the worship of Ἀπέλλων[1]—the averter and defender, the son of God who slew the Python—born of the slime and filth of earth—and descended into Hell that he might redeem and restore all men to a life

[1] Ἀπέλλων, not Ἀπόλλων, appears to have been the ancient Doric-Æolian form.—C. O. Müller. Dorians, p. 323, ed. 1830.

of brightness and of joy—to conceive the existence of this art of life, the perfection that is of manhood, of all things the most desirable of attainment, far beyond any single effort of the intellect, or of the plastic instinct, which may be dignified by the name of Art.

It has been said, and said truly, that only two things are capable of self-sacrifice—nature and love—but this art—the art of life—is, and must be capable of it, for it contains within itself both nature and love.

It *must* be, for no existence can be made perfect except through restraint and sacrifice: and that art which boasts itself untrammelled and free, leaves the fresh bracing air of the open fields with its discipline of the driving storm, and the desolate, cloudy day, and encloses itself in a tropical atmosphere in which nothing that is noble and great in human existence can breathe.

In this resolve to brace and train the intellect—in this life of restraint and sacrifice—the Dorians persevered unflinchingly. It extended to every detail of their lives. No nation ever approached them in the perfection to which they succeeded in making life an Art. The individual was so moulded into the State, that there remained only one individual—the State. It was a condition which could not become permanent. It may even be said to have been an impossible dream. To avoid the rude awakening one would think that they dared scarcely stir, dared scarcely think; and if they erred by too much adherence to antiquity, how could they help themselves? But this impossible dream, if it were a dream, lasted for many generations, was probably the greatest factor in the civilization of the world, and it will remain for ever an inspiring model and aim.

Its value to us, however, is its insistence on the necessity of restraint in Art. The contention that Art is utterly selfish, that it has but one narrow aim, according to its several developments, and that to that aim everything must yield, every moral tie, every domestic claim, is a contention utterly remote from the Dorian conception of Art, and of Life, in all its minutest details and varied forms. If the moral character of Music is so certain that he deserved death who added another string to the lute, and thereby debauched the morals of the people, what shall be said of the moral

character of Painting, which of all arts appeals most to the popular mind and perceptions, and appeals with greatest force just in as much as it excels in the technique, which reproduces familiar things with greatest semblance of reality. A low test of Art! you will say: doubtless, but, it would seem, the test of to-day.

"Now," says the old Greek scholiast, with perhaps unconscious humour, "they used to call this the Æolian harmony, but afterwards, the ὑποδώριον, not, as some think, because it was pitched lower on the flute than the Dorian, but because, so it seems to me, seeing the inflated style, and the pretence to valour and virtue, they thought it was not exactly what the Dorian harmony was, though to a certain extent like it, and so we call what is not thoroughly Dorian, ὑποδώριον."

"The Dorians" says Müller, "were contented with themselves and with the Powers to whom they owed their existence and their happiness, and therefore they never complained," surely, the perfection of Art-life! and yet these people, who were in themselves the most perfect realization of the Art-life ever seen among men, practised the most rigid restraint and reserve in Art that, doubtless, any people ever did. "They never complained." Under the serene sky, and among the wooded ravines and plains, so unlike the parched, arid scenes that present themselves to the traveller to-day, it was possible for this people to fancy that it rested with themselves to attain to a perfect existence. Death itself seems to have disappeared from their view. "They looked not to the future but to present existence, everything beyond this boundary was mist and darkness, and everything that was dark they supposed the Deity to hate."

And who, then, was the Deity of this wonderful people? Ἀπέλλων—the Averter and Defender, the clear and spotless God, the destroyer, and the avenger of wrongs, the slayer of the Python, who was born amid prayer and fasting and with untold labour and pains, who descended into Hell that he might return purified and the purifier of all that trusted in him—was not, with all this, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, he was not the God of the lonely and forsaken, of the Helot, the outcast, and the slave.

He was the Saviour of a people contented with themselves and with their Gods, endowed with the surpassing instinct

of restraint and sacrifice even in their content and in their art. He was the God of a great effort, of a brilliant and most noble phase of Art, never perhaps equalled, but which was itself unequal to the strain of reality and sorrow, and therefore passed away; but which has left behind it this supreme message to us, the message of restraint in Art.

Since the Dorian has passed away, with his dream of cultured Art, since the philistine Roman and the barbarian of the chivalrous North has swept over the scene, there has arisen a God, the Averter and Defender, the slayer of the Serpent, who also descended into Hell. Of Him it may be said, at least, that He is alive, that He lived among the outcast and the heavy laden, and that the coming democracy recognises in the legends of His life the traces of a friend. He spoke the most awful and mysterious story ever told of those who dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously. Surely, in *our* Art—in the days of this sacrificed and sacrificing God—we shall not manifest less restraint than was insisted on, even to the death, in the reign of the bright Sun-God, the God of joy and gladness who was never to be invoked by the sorrowful or the sad. The whole of modern life has been transformed by the worship of this God—it would be strange indeed were Art, which in itself is Life, alone to remain Pagan or to return to the lowest Pagan form.

The Dorians subdivided labour in Art to such an extent that their cooks were allowed to practise only one form of cookery. An artist may be concentrated on one phase of Art to the exclusion of all others, but, in this phase of Art, he should work in subjection to the highest generic instinct and conscience—in agreement, that is, with the conscience of the whole.

It may seem a paradox, but the self-denial that restrains is its own reward. The force and vigour which would otherwise be spent in vain and fruitless wanderings in the walks of unrestrained fancy and frivolous self-pleasing, is concentrated and strengthened within more confined limits, with a result of gain surprising even to the artist himself. This is applicable to every sphere of Art. In literature many recent writers will miss a not undeserved immortality because they have followed the leading of the single original phase of genius with which they were gifted, instead of modestly and

with a restraining denial of self, following in the steps of the great masters and thereby gradually working into the fabric of their Art, bequeathed to them by the patient labour of the past, the special contribution which their own insight had gifted them to win. It would be instructive to trace the conscientious use which Charles Dickens made of the comic scenes in Smollett and the humorous writers of the last century, and the immense advance which his peculiar genius won.

In painting it would not be difficult to discover similar lessons. That the originators of what used to be called the Pre-raphaelite School had a distinct and imperative call, no one, who remembers what the state of English Painting was forty years ago, will be disposed to deny, but I think that it is equally true that had the Pre-raphaelite Painters exercised more restraint, had they engrafted their perfection of detail, purity and truth of outline, boldness and truth of colour, earnestness and strength of thought upon the abiding excellences of the old school—as for instance the effects of atmosphere—when we think of the old masters of English landscape—there seems to open before us possibilities of Art greater than were achieved.

There has arisen since those days another class of Painters, founded, mostly, on some exceptional schools of Italian Art, to whom the same observations apply with still greater force. If their undoubted genius had been chastened by an unselfish, modest submission to the lessons of the past, the world would have been spared many abortions of crude colouring, fantastical, unreal grouping and figure drawing, wearisome monotony of feature and expression—and of elongated chin—and, latterly, of still worse sins against taste in morals. The result would have been widely different. Wondering crowds would not have thronged the Galleries, much less laudation would have emanated from friendly pens, fewer pictures probably would have been painted, but some supreme work of genius would have graced the Victorian Reign.

J. Henry Shorthouse.

POTENTIA SILENTII: BEING A FURTHER SELECTION OF PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JAMES SMETHAM.

The last of the short series of critical fragments from James Smetham's papers, published in the previous number of this magazine, was a little essay on Poetry. In the same letter occurs the following poem, dated August, 1855. It recalls some of the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold in so remarkable and beautiful a manner that I trust it will not be thought out of place to give it here with his criticisms and his "rhapsody" on Emily Brontë. In a previous letter, bearing the postmark of the 14th of the same month in which this poem was written, he advises his friend to get Mr. Arnold's poems, adding, "they are worth reading, and have a capital preface."

1.

Servant, cease thy labour!
Thou hast borne thy burden,
Thou hast done thy task!

2.

In the violent morning,
When the blast was bitter,
And thy fellows sleeping,
Thou wast out and doing,
With thy stubborn ploughshare
Riving up the hill side—
Get thee home and rest!

3.

In the sweltering noonday,
When thy mates were lying
By the purling runnel
In the pleasant shadow,
Thou, with arm wide sweeping
And with trenchant sickle,
Filledst thy broad bosom
With the tossing corn.

4.

While from highest heaven
To the western sea-rim
Slowly wheeled the great sun
White, and fierce, and cloudless,
Every blazing moment,
Eager and unresting,
Didst thou clasp the harvest—
Haste thee now to Rest!

5.

While the west grew ruddy
And the birds were chanting
Softly, softly, "Cease ye,
Cease your toil ye mortals,"
Stook on stook behind thee
Didst thou leave to ripen.
But thy arm is drooping,
And thine eye is heavy,
Thou shalt work no longer;
Get thee home and slumber,
Get thee to thy Rest!

6.

Cross the lengthening shadows
Of the peaceful fir-groves,
Cross the quiet churchyard,
Where the mossy hillocks
With their folded daisies
And their sleeping lambkins
All say "requiescat,"
Lay thee down beside them
Till the bells chime to thee,
Simple bells that tell thee,
"Rest thee, rest thee, rest thee,"
Till they bring thee rest.

7.

While the huge moon rises,
And the large white planets
Wheel and glow above thee,

Till the cottage tapers
Swallowed by the darkness
Leave no human symbol
Underneath the sky ;

8.

Sleep a dreamless slumber,
For thine eyes shall never
See the gates of morning
Lift their awful shadows,
Nor the gold and amber
Of the heavenly dayspring
Sparkle on the heather
Of the purple moorland.

9.

Thou shalt wake no more!

But to turn to more direct criticism. The next fragment on "The Newcomes" is taken from a letter dated October 9, 1856, and was written while the writer was still reading Thackeray's novel. "I read with a strangely mixed pleasure and pain. There is immense artistic skill, great taste and self possession, less real misanthropy than I should have judged by a casual glance, on the whole a sympathy with what is right morally. I do not even see opposition to religion, in which he evidently believes, *only* he believes in it rather dictatorially. He does not believe all that Christ taught his disciples about it. He hates cant, he hates hypocrisy (what sensible, right-minded person does not?) and with these bug-bears he would stop, for the most part, the mouths of those who are quite sincere. He holds up his finger and says, 'Hush! don't mention it. Very sacred subject that; don't enter on that subject. Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God.' I feel persuaded that he would be able to put down any one who wished to speak of religion in a personal way, as a matter of personal concernment. He would find an inferior motive for every utterance, and would make the most sincere man who longed to utter his thoughts, and joys, and fears, that others might share them, feel as if he were insincere. And yet he would admire

a holy *life*, a man who was unselfish, and benevolent, and humble. But again who would *not?* What would he be who hated *these* things?"

In a later letter, dated the 24th of the same month, he writes that he has finished "The Newcomes" some days ago. "While I read it its characters were often in my head. I looked at things and thought of them under the influence of Thackeray. But now it is faded down to 'an ashen-grey delight,' faded like the large, grand chestnut leaves which hang few and yellow 'upon those boughs that shake against the cold' opposite our window. The world is not Newcomian now.

"How careful should we be in forming all judgments whatsoever. A mind heated with a present subject, and a mind out of which the fires have faded, are in a bad condition for fair judgment.

"It is the Truth that *lives*. This evening, going round the fields and lanes on my old steps of thirteen years ago, the same grey twilight, sharp air and passive, gold-purple sunset over Highgate, my heart *glowed* within me as I thought how my life has been changed by the belief of a few simple things since those old days. I thanked God aloud. I said some plain expressions of praise upwards to the heavens where I saw one white star in the grey, tender, blue eastward,—such expressions as I could scarcely repeat, so unlike me to say aloud were they, but I could not help it. My heart was glowing silently like that star in the heavens. A star is ever the same. All that we know of it was known by the shepherds of the East, by us as children; but it is for ever *there*. The leaves are tossing on the grass or perishing in the pool, but the star is simple and the same. The leaf is not so simple to us as the star, it is not so grand, it is not so ineffable.

"I find the *Truth* to be like that. I know no more intellectually of it than when I first believed; but what a result comes from its abiding. A deeper, deeper happiness absorbs the heart and pervades the soul, a deepening calm rules and assimilates the faculties and compels them into action,—not excitement, but definite and proper action.

"The Peace of God which passes all understanding, which baffles analysis, which has an infinitude of depth about it,

as you cannot understand remote stars, nor the overhanging vault which you cannot at all explore but can only feel as you feel your life, so you cannot touch this Peace of God with your understanding. It is round you like an atmosphere, it dwells in you like a fragrance, it goes from you like a subtle elixir vitæ."

The only other passage which I have been able to find among these letters to Mr. Davies, of a similar nature with the foregoing and worthy of attention, is this one on Lord Tennyson's "Maud," written in August, 1855, shortly after the publication of that poem :—"It must live, like all exquisite art, and as art it is exquisite,—an episode of life with the commonest romance plot, and the paltriest moral, but wrought out with the lyrical changefulness of the life of this our time, a very complete story told with flying hints and musical echoes as though Ariel had piped it in the little wild island of the Tempest. The poetic power which can swallow newspapers full of business, bankruptcy courts, sanitary commissions, wars, murders, and medical reports on the adulteration of food, and then reproduce them as the conjuror brings out his coloured horn from his mouth after a meal of shavings, *is* poetic power."

With this I must conclude, acknowledging my indebtedness to the same source for these passages as for those already published. James Smetham's art and his thoughts on other matters we hope to illustrate in a further article. THE EDITOR.

IN NOMINE DOMINI.

HARK! like a clarion rings the voice, "Arise!"
Too long with wrangling talkers, mad for place,
Suffers our England, now brought face to face
With the despair of perishing thousands. Lies
This day within our choice the immortal prize
Of those who win salvation for their race:
Yea, Lord, Thyself with Thine avenging grace
Strike for Thy servants, while each minion flies!
Who shall refuse to arm serene and strong
For this last conflict, though Self's myriads scowl?
The day of visitation is not long,
Ere the light passeth, when hurled cheek by jowl
The recreants hear above their pitiful throng
God's scorn in judgment, "Go to, weep and howl!"

SELWYN IMAGE.

TWO CRITICAL NOTICES: MR. PATER'S IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.

Whenever there is announced a new book or a new article by Mr. Pater, we know that there is indeed a good thing in store for us. For Mr. Pater has this almost unique distinction amongst contemporary writers, that he publishes very little. In sixteen years he has given us three books, his Studies in the Renaissance, his "Marius the Epicurean," and now a few months ago his "Imaginary Portraits": while even his contributions during this time to the Magazines make but a little list. Yet Mr. Pater is acknowledged by all sincere admirers of the Art of Literature to be one of its finest living English representatives; for the quality of his work is always first-rate. And what is it that makes it first-rate? What makes it almost a certainty for us, that when we take up any writing of his, we shall find in it first-rate thought, and a first-rate style? It is of course primarily Mr. Pater's natural "incommunicable" ability. But then there have been surely people not less able than he, who have yet been immeasurably less certain, who have so often fallen below their proper standard and disappointed us. Yes, they have lacked self-restraint, they have been in a hurry, they have forgotten the necessity of what spiritual writers call "Recollection." Mr. Pater does not forget it, he is extraordinarily self-restrained, he is never in a hurry: and so it comes to pass, in the second place, that his writing is almost unfailingly of the first order.

How admirable are these virtues in Mr. Pater, how much better the world of Art would be in every branch supposing our best artists even practised them more devotedly, we need scarcely that any one should tell us. It took God six days, says the old tradition, to create the world: at the close of each day He pondered over its production: on the seventh He rested wholly from His labours. The meditation, the leisure, the pauses of self-criticism which characterized the Divine Workman, are indispensable for all fine work. Even when that curse of curses, the consideration of how we can make an income quickly, is out of the way, it is not in itself reason enough for production,

that a man has something within him that he can produce: for the world is not benefited by production, but only by the production of what is fine. After all, in the life even of a man whom Nature has created for an artist, there are many common, human, hourly interests and activities besides those which are artistic: and the golden rule is this, that he should give us the work of his particular, differentiating inspiration, his artistic inspiration that is, only when he is able with accurate self-criticism to pronounce it the production of a fine mood, transmitted to us with the utmost care and skill of which he is capable. Now these moods, even in the greatest geniuses, are not permanent, or to be had at the beckoning; while for this care and skill there is required an abundance of time; and for the self-criticism, which is finally to pronounce judgment, there is required scarcely less: so that, in the nature of the case, no artist can give us much work of that quality, which alone justifies him completely in giving us any. The first thing that I have to say about Mr. Pater to his exceeding honour is, that in a singular degree he has recognized this, and been strong enough from the first to submit himself.

I am afraid that the title with which this little article commences may prove misleading: for I have been asked not to write a criticism of the "Imaginary Portraits," but to take these merely as a felicitous occasion on which to call attention to some characteristics of Mr. Pater's work. And even this much I am to do more in the way of suggestion, and for temporary notice, than anything else; since we are promised later on in the Hobby Horse a careful study of this admirable artist's purposes and methods from a writer whose insight into them is more searching, and whose judgment will be more complete, than is any present insight or judgment of mine.

Now let me mention the second thing that I would notice about Mr. Pater, the subtlety of his thoughts and of their expression. He does not come to us then with elaborately finished theories, and clear-cut facts which are to illustrate and establish them. He does not offer us anything which we can lay hold of at the moment, and store away neatly squared and packed in our memories. He is essentially a seeker, a seeker after life's secrets, a seeker who is conscious

of the mysteries which lie deep and everywhere around us, and in the discovery of which to the reverent and delicate spirit will be found the finest moments of existence. And in this perpetual search of his after the hidden life he takes us step by step along with him. To those who are contented with the satisfaction of our immediate and surface needs, who never dream indeed of anything beyond, it is a search that is unutterably wearisome, it irritates, it actually seems to us affected and even nonsensical. Well, if that is our feeling, we had better keep a long way off from Mr. Pater; for to "the average sensual man" he speaks certainly and always in a tongue unknown. Even in the first of these "Imaginary Portraits," which under the title of "A Prince of Court Painters" gives us a study of Watteau's life and aims, and is of all the four Portraits much the most simple and generally touching, even here this perpetual striving in the painter to get behind things, to be never contented till he is drinking at their sources of the world's beauty and best interests, to lay hands on and capture the very spirit of the moment as it passes by, meets us at every turn, with its consequent and inevitable accompaniment of much weariness, and dissatisfaction, and failure. And if this is so with the first of these Portraits, it is so still more with the remaining three, with Denys l'Auxerrois, Sebastian van Storck, and Duke Carl of Rosenmold. In each of these studies we have a different character set indeed in differing surroundings, yet alike in this fundamental point, that they all seek passionately to be delivered out of the captivity which keeps us contented with the world's ways and aims, with even its refined ways and aims; for the rare secret is beyond even the best of these appearances. Is it? Is it at all events to be found in indifference to them? Here is the penalty such spirits have to pay for their delicate instincts, that at times they are overwhelmed by a sense not of failure, that is endurable, but of pursuing and only caring to pursue, what may be indeed a phantom. Mr. Pater ends his essay upon Watteau with the following sentence: one might write it as an inscription for the whole book, as an inscription for every spirit, that has been touched with the fine madness of mysticism: "He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all."

The treatment of such subjects as are in these "Imaginary Portraits" by a writer, who is himself so entirely and at all times in sympathy with them, involves, one hardly needs to be reminded, much subtlety of language. A simple thought, or a fact, if we are once master of them, should shape themselves under our hand into expressions not less simple: when in such cases there is not this simplicity of expression, we are conscious of an inappropriateness; and it comes, we know, either from a want of mastery over our subject, or from a want of art in our writing, or at best from some fancy for affectations. But Mr. Pater's characteristic thoughts are not in the nature of them simple, and it is not with facts, as we commonly use that word, that he largely concerns himself. How, for instance, is it possible to express an emotion with the firm, clear words and the completeness, which express with ease and adequately a scientific fact or an intellectual conception? In the world of mysteries, which underlies the world of our common and surface experience, we are in the presence of things so delicate, so evanescent, so personal, so partially revealed, as to permit their true lineaments, significance, and indeed sometimes their existence, to be by ourselves even little more than suspected; and to cause that any efforts, which we make to let others share them with us, shall be for the most part but by hints and symbols. True, we can deny the existence of such a world: but supposing that it does exist, there is no wonder, at all events, though the regret and irritation may be immense, if we cannot experience and communicate it readily out of hand, or communicate it at all, perhaps, with adequateness.

There is one more thing to which I would call attention before finishing this notice. Mr. Pater's method is not to advertise the amount and accuracy of his knowledge by fact heaped upon fact, reference heaped upon reference. A careless, or ignorant, or unsympathetic reader may pass from end to end of his writings, and never recognize the knowledge and the realization of knowledge, which underlie them, but which are never suffered to parade themselves. Perhaps it would be impossible to compare two writers more unlike one another than Mr. Pater and Lord Macaulay: but their comparison for a moment is singularly to the point, in order to illustrate what I am here saying. Lord Macaulay was a

man who had accumulated in his mind a store of facts that was astounding: and there they are on every page of his brilliant Essays thrown in our faces, as it were, sentence after sentence. How the man must have read! we cry: and what a memory! But of Mr. Pater's reading we do not think; he gets himself too completely out of the way; it is only by and by, when we come to criticize what we have been reading, that the sense of how much must have gone to produce these admirably full and accurate impressions, these slight but significant hints, these deeply searching judgments or suggestions, begins to dawn on us. I must not, however, be tempted into quotations at all, nor into references either outside the "Imaginary Portraits." Even here I will be content with two. Let anybody turn then and read on pages 53 and 54 the description of the town and cathedral of Troyes; and on pages 111 and 112 the description of the Catholic Religion as it presented itself to the mind of Sebastian van Storck. It is hard, as I look over the volume, not to copy these two passages out, and several other passages as well, some of them even more significant, perhaps, and fascinating. But an artist in Literature is not to be judged by extracts, any more than an artist in Painting is to be judged by a few inches cut here and there from his canvas. It is the whole effect of Mr. Pater's work upon you that is the thing: it is that which justifies me, I am very sure, in speaking of him as I have here spoken. SELWYN IMAGE.

MR. RUSKIN'S HORTUS INCLUSUS.

"I count myself happy to have been allowed to throw open to all wise and quiet souls the portals of this Armida's Garden, where there are no spells save those woven by love, and no magic save that of grace and kindliness." With these words the Editor introduces us to this small but exquisite selection of Mr. Ruskin's Letters. "A Pleasaunce do these letters seem to me," he adds; and a pleasaunce must they, surely, appear to wise and quiet souls. But into every pleasaunce, since Adam's and since Eve's was first invaded, reptiles will creep and insects crawl; and this earthly paradise at Coniston has not been free from their invasion.

M. Renan, in his new volume, speaks of "Satan, occupé de critiquer l'univers ; tandis que les vrais enfants de Dieu n'en voient que les harmonies." And no sooner was the existence of this Garden revealed than a critic of that species

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :

found it out, stationed itself upon the threshold, and before wise and quiet souls could explore the inner beauties, the tempter hinted that no paradise existed within, because the title was faulty, was false Latin, was quite impossible.

Let us examine this matter. Wise and quiet souls, who love beautiful things, will read the Vulgate, provided they can understand St. Jerome and are not obliged to use the Douay version, for that is not beautiful ; and in the Song of Solomon, ch. iv. 12, they will find the expression "Hortus conclusus soror mea, sponsa," or as the Authorised version turns it "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse ;" and the title of these Letters was attacked for being Hortus *Inclusus* instead of Conclusus. It is more surprising that Mr. Ruskin should not have followed St. Jerome than that his critic, or in the terms of M. Renan, his Satan, should have erred by making his criticism too sweeping and universal. These "buzzing" critics are nothing if they are not precise ; and this one was *precise enough*, for he was *precisely wrong*.

"Hortus Conclusus" may certainly be rendered "A Garden Enclosed ;" and we have not only St. Jerome, who is hardly a classical authority, but Cæsar, Cicero, and Lucretius, in favour of this use. Though where they use the word "conclusus" it is often with a sense of "shut-up," "confined," "terminated," rather than "railed-off," or "enclosed ;" for instance Cicero, de Nat. Deorum, Lib. ii. ch. 7., says "Conclusa aqua facile corrumpitur," which we may translate "stagnant water soon becomes putrid :" a state which would not render the "locus conclusus" of Lucretius agreeable, except to a critic of the "buzzing" species. This critic then went on to assert that the word "Inclusus" was not used, with classical correctness, in the sense of "railed-in," "shut-off," "enclosed." But Cicero, de Harusp. Resp., ch. xii., speaks of "Populus Romanus septus atque inclusus ;" and "fenced-in" is the literal meaning of

"septus," which Cicero here uses as equivalent to "Inclusus." The Editor gives us the reason for his title when, on page xiii., he quotes from Bacon and contrasts the choicest part of a garden, where the grass is greenest and the daisies are most luxuriant, with the rest. "Such a Pleasaunce," says the Editor, "do these Letters seem to me;" that is, compared to Mr. Ruskin's more public writings they are a kind of sacred and quiet shrine fenced off from the turmoil and bustle of the world. Now this sense of "Inclusus," as a select portion of a whole, a portion fenced-off from the rest, is exactly borne out by Cæsar, de Bell. Civ. iii. 66., where he says:—"Minora castra, inclusa majoribus, castelli atque arcis locum obtinebant," the smaller camp, enclosed, or fenced-off, by the greater, served as a kind of Palladium or fortress.

In Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which I have already cited, other qualities are predicated of critics of the "buzzing" species; but as, in our present state of conventional propriety, they are hardly quotable, I must leave my readers to examine and apply them. Critics of this order cannot be left in better hands than those of the great author of "The Dunciad," who will tell them, with much other useful information, that

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

As to the Letters themselves, I can only advise my readers to study them; they are not to be criticised but enjoyed. To all wise and quiet souls, they are full of enjoyment; for they will assure them that, even in this noisy, hurried generation, the finer harmonies of the world may be heard by those who will seek them and listen for them. To Mr. Ruskin's more special admirers and disciples they are invaluable, because they reveal his thoughts, his humour, and his tender feeling. No wise reader, no one who can allow for the consuming zeal of genius, was ever misled, as prosaic readers and newspaper writers have been, by the energy of a great deal of Mr. Ruskin's public utterance; doubters of this latter kind had better get this volume, it will take them behind the scenes, as it were, and they will appreciate the kindly wisdom, the true loveableness, which underly his grave, or his passionate, expression.

"I am pretty well," he writes in June, 1886, "and writing saucy things to everybody.

"I told a Cambridge man yesterday that he had been clever enough to put into a shilling pamphlet all the mistakes of his generation." And again, "I've been put into a dreadful passion by two of my cleverest girl pupils 'going off pious'! Its exactly like a nice pear getting 'sleepy.'" "What we should all try to do," he says in another place, "is to find out something certain about God, for *ourselves*." . . . "I wonder when Solomon got his ivory and apes and peacocks, whether he ever had time to look at them. He couldn't always be ordering children to be chopped in two. Alas, I suppose his wisdom, in England of to-day, would have been taxed to find out which mother lied in saying which child *wasn't* hers!" . . . "It is very comic the way people have of being so particular about the second and fourth commandments, and breaking all the rest with the greatest comfort. For me, I try to keep all the rest rather carefully, and let the second and fourth take care of themselves."

Here is an amusing account of Cardinal Manning:—"I lunched with Cardinal Manning, and he gave me *such* a plum pie. I never tasted a Protestant pie to touch it. . . . He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved cherries like kisses kept in amber. And told me delicious stories all through lunch."

Finally, I will give a criticism of Mr. Ruskin on himself; because it is one which all his readers would do well to remember continually as they study his works, and it is one which no prose writer, in these diffuse, luxuriant days, should ever forget:—"I *was* a little scandalised at the idea of your calling the book 'word-painting.' My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a 'word-painter' instead of a thinker. I hope you haven't filled your book with descriptions. I thought it was the thoughts you were looking for." The reputation of every writer depends, ultimately, on the verdict of those who can most truly appreciate the worth of his thought, and the weight of his style; on the serious, that is, on the sober, the

severe. With these no mere "word-painting" can finally prevail; and much less can decorative writing prevail against the inevitable change in fashions and modes of speech. The writing which will live must be inspired with vital thought: it must be noble in its aim and simple in its expression; for "there is no nobleness without simplicity." The true disciples of Mr. Ruskin are not those who dwell upon the luxurious phrases in the "Modern Painters," but those who accept the sterner teaching of "Fors Clavigera." This teaching, to us of the Century Guild, is vital, because it defines the conditions upon which alone true art can be produced. But in these evil wintry days with the voices of the unemployed sounding louder in our ears, there cannot be more profitable reading than many a fiery page in "Fors," where the diseases of our time are exposed, and the remedy suggested. Some of these pages, written long ago now, read like prophecies, in the light which this winter of 1887 throws upon their neglected warnings.

The Editor dates his Introduction from Loughrigg, Ambleside. These are precious names to those who know Westmoreland, and they remind us how much teaching and consolation, in verse and prose, have come to us from that enchanting country, since Gray was first enamoured of it. Who that has seen it can forget the valley between Rydal Mount and Fox-How :—

Where, under Loughrigg, the stream
Of Rotha sparkles through fields
Vested for ever with green.

ARTHUR GALTON.

EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR SCREEN.

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CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Nowadays European women for the most part have not the harem-like leisure of the latter centuries which enabled our near ancestresses, when not busied over the housekeeping they took such a pride in, to sit long hours over the delicate embroideries which they spread so profusely over house furniture, linen, and wearing apparel. Nor again have they the better leisure of the Middle Ages, when embroidery was counted among one of the serious arts, and was not the trivial pastime for waste half-hours that it has been in this century. Yet in spite of the discouraging trifling and dabbling in silks, which often is all that stands for embroidery, I am inclined to take needle-art seriously, and regard its simply priceless decorative qualities worth as careful study and appreciation as any other form of art; certainly research into its history and development is as rich and fruitful.

Most people, I fancy, have known the peculiar pleasure experienced in poring over an old piece of needlework, spelling out its gradual building-up, admiring the cunning adjustment of the colours, noting the different ways in which the threads are laid on, and above all the care and patience which ensure the success of the work. The different methods of laying on threads, that is, the different *stitches* in embroidery, can be divided into certain groups which, though small in number, contain many varieties, according indeed to the ingenuity of the worker. The particular stitch I shall describe here is one which in old work, both Eastern and European, has been used with much skill and to great effect, but is not generally used by modern workers—always excepting those of the east of Europe where embroidery is professional. It is called "chain-stitch" owing to the likeness to a simply-linked chain, and

in uninventive hands it can be made ingeniously dull and ineffective, but it will be found on examination to possess many and varied qualities which render it very valuable to needle-workers. To begin with the nature of the stitch: the diagram will explain sufficiently how each stitch is taken within the loop of

the last, the loop itself being formed by the passing of the thread round the point of the needle as it comes up. Care must be taken not to pull the thread too tight, as the loops should be round and full; likewise must they be even and "have all a size." Leaves, stems, flowers, all can be wrought in this small stitch, the veinings, radiating lines and shading of colours being planned out with precision and care—no happy-go-lucky style will do, for every blunder is obtrusively apparent and unmistakable. Very dainty effect may be got from merely outline work in chain-stitch with light veinings to leaves, &c., but for more solid work the best way of filling in is to work the outline first and then work a row close inside, following the outline, then another, and so on, each row getting smaller until the whole space is filled up with the different colours to be used. Leaves with veins would be done in the same way, except that the veins will of course be worked before the subordinate rows of filling in. Care should be taken not to lay the rows of stitches too close, and great evenness must be maintained, especially if the work is on a large scale and the stitches rather long. But as regards method of laying stitches, shading and so forth, half an hour's careful examination of a good specimen of old work would be worth a volume of advice, and what would be still better, an attempt at copying accurately a small piece, merely by way of practice, and by no means to be looked upon as an original achievement. The capabilities and limits of this method of work will then soon be understood, and it will be perceived that it is by no means suited to large designs with broad unbroken spaces, but rather to flowery, inlaid work and manifold interlacement of stem and tendril.

It would take endless writing to describe the uses made of this stitch in different hands and in different times, and all I can do here is to touch very briefly on the most characteristic styles of which examples remain. Chain-stitch has played an important part in old needle-work; in the very celebrated English work of the late thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it is largely used, whole figures and faces being executed in it, with here and there perhaps some different stitch used for contrast, and the background, when filled in, generally differently worked. In fact I believe that chain-

stitch was first introduced at the latter end of the thirteenth century in this celebrated *Opus Anglicum* which was so eagerly sought after throughout Europe. A magnificent and perhaps the finest example existing of this work is the famous "Syon cape" which belonged to the monastery built by Henry V. in 1414 at Isleworth for the nuns of Saint Bridget's order, and which shared their restless life as they wandered through the different countries of Europe. It is now "safely bestowed," as Hamlet says, in South Kensington Museum, but whether visible to the public eye of late I have not had time to ascertain. Another method of using chain-stitch is exampled in a piece of work I have before me. It is about five feet long and over two broad, and is a very flower-garden for colour and grace, and for skill and precision in the stitchery unsurpassed. It is a Persian prayer-carpet, covered with birds and waving tulips and great flowing stems, and it is a very pretty thing indeed; on examining it near it is seen to be literally a *mosaic* of bits of different-coloured cloth cut out and cleverly laid and sewn together and then embroidered over with veins, shading lines and what not. The birds are pink and blue, outlined round with silk, their wings marked with a few simple lines and their bodies covered with a nice little repeated pattern, soothingly conventional, and as like small feathers as need be. The whole thing fits as tight as the different parts of a glove, though executed in thick cloth instead of delicate kid. The variety this method gives to the mechanical stitch, and the broad colours of the bits of cloth broken by the delicate, bead-like lines above, are extremely pleasing, its durability well adapting the work to the ceaseless rubbing of devout knees. Another and simpler treatment of chain-stitch is well shown in the work executed in Goa principally for the Portuguese at the end of the sixteenth century. This consists of great hangings and coverlets of state, cloths and what not, generally of fine, masterly design, carefully and elaborately outlined and filled in entirely with a fine chain-stitch in one-coloured silk, generally yellow, what little of the linen ground that shows being covered throughout with a kind of watering or quilting of stitching in the same colour, which additional work enriches the whole piece extremely. In the interesting collection of embroidery at South Kensington

Museum there are several very fine examples of this work, well worth a visit were it merely to note with what effect a handsome ship in full sail may be drawn with the laboriously plodding needle. The last style of chain-stitch I shall instance is the work done in the early eighteenth century in England—what might be termed *domestic* English embroidery. This work is so pretty and so well-suited for the simpler, everyday household purposes, that one can turn to it without disparaging it by comparison with the skilful and decorative work of the professional oriental needle-workers—setting aside entirely the masterpieces of mediæval England. Here is a little old piece of stitchery, half-finished, and somewhat discoloured with the years it has lain forgotten in some old chest in a country manor, a faint aroma of romance attached to it in its unfinished, discarded state. It consists of little groups of flowers powdered over the linen ground at regular intervals, in natural colours and as bright and merry as may be, worked with a fine twisted silk in the finest possible chain-stitch, the background filled in with a little stitching in one-coloured silk as above described. To my thinking there is a little too much labour for the result, as in all eighteenth century work, but it is absolutely unpretentious and homely, and really dainty in its naturalistic colouring. Endless was the decorating of ladies' gowns and aprons in this way, both the strength and minuteness of the stitch rendering it very suitable to be put to the test of personal wear.

In every century but our own, I fancy, the women of a household paid some attention to the beautifying of their dwelling by needle-art of some kind, and worked with that end in view, and not merely to pass the time, though the time could pass very quickly and pleasantly at such work; and again in every century but this, did womankind manage to decorate her own attire with embroidery, the changeability and caprice of modern fashion in dress quite precluding such decorations. If fashions and customs should change more than most folk can now imagine, and among them the senseless custom of constant change of fashion in dress, possibly women will then care to put the mark of their own individuality on their wearing apparel by embroidering their gowns. If so, the use of chain-stitch will certainly be

revived, and something as pretty will be made of it as ever was done by the nimble workers of former times.

I cannot lay too great a stress on the utility of referring to good examples of old work for instruction in this or any embroidery stitch. It is always safe in the nineteenth century to take a humble stand-point as regards art, and consent to turn to former centuries and learn of people who were always masters in matters of art where we are dilettanti, and who assuredly took it as a matter of course that they should have pretty things about them in their daily lives as much as we take the "useful and ugly" as *our* matter-of-course. For them certainly embroidery played no inconsiderable part in domestic life, and there were few houses that did not make shift to hang up at least on high days and holy-days some bits of embroidery, rough and homely though some of them might be—"hallings" these were called—and scarcely a woman who had not her festival gown with collar or girdle curiously worked with silk or beads or small precious stones. It is only necessary to glance at any old list of household goods or old account-book to realize what masses of pretty things ordinary well-to-do folk accumulated round them in the Middle Ages. The remains of them we hunt up and put in glass cases in our museums and wonder over; it might be better if we sought to learn the lessons they contain, and to apply them in our own work as best we may.

MAY MORRIS.

FLOWERS FROM LOVE'S GARDEN.

i

FOR A DRAWING.

In a Roses' bower
Sweet Philomel sat singing
All her night-long passion to those lovely hearts:

Only the Moon looked on them,
Heard what she sang, and the Roses
Answered, breathing their perfumes back from echoing depths.

ii

TO H. K.

Like a willow, like a reed
Is my Love's grace:
And her face

Like a soft, pale-petaled rose:
And my Love's breast
Like the rest

Of a snow-drift bright and white:
And to kiss there—
Ah! what compare

Can I find in rhyme for that!
Where is Love's own
Jewelled throne.

iii

JULIET. FOR A PICTURE.

"*O God, I have an ill-divining soul.*"—Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5.

She leans from out her balcony,
O gold-haired Queen of hearts!
From out her balcony of gold
The grave eyes straining to behold

Those eyes, whereat the whole blood starts
O'er burning brows of ivory.

Even so the sunset turns to rose
The snows
That veil the earth in calmness pure and cold.

And is there something that foretells,
O pale-flushed Maid of pain!
Horrors within the soul that yearns?
Some secret, evil light that burns
Across thy tremulous vision's plain?
Some faint, far echo of death's knells?

Even so beyond the sun-steeped seas
The breeze
That brings the storm the seaman's soul fore-learns.

Ah! and in vain, in vain, in vain,
Poor lovely Saint of Love!
In vain the eyes strain out, the soul
In vain prays dumbly for control
To God, that calm in heavens above
Weaves on the webs of joys and pain.

All human things of peace and woe
Even so
Move as the waves relentless towards their goal.

iv REFUGIUM.

Only a girl just fouled with lust:
Whom God created as fair as day!
For men to follow, debauch, and thrust

Away from them, finished their lust. And so
She's here by right of her sin to stay,
In the quiet away from the foul town's flow.

Poor Child! so worthy of praise and love!
And I praise you, love you, for all the sin:
As a blood-stained, mud-stained, pitiful dove

One praises, and pities, and takes to breast:
There are fairer feathers beneath, within
There's a beating heart—and with God the rest!

v VANITY OF VANITIES.

Ah! I know it, my Darling, but who can say nay to you?
Who can say nay to those eyes, when they pray to you?
Who can say nay to those lips, when they say to you,
"On a rose, on a glove, on a jewel, I am thinking?"

Were we strong, were we wise, had but virtue the hold of us,
Were we cold to behold such a love's face unblinking,
Were it aught but such stuff as it is, Sweet, the mould of us—
Ah! then we might smile and suffice you with smiling,
Yea, then were we proof against all the beguiling
Of even those eyes, and that exquisite lip's curve.

Great God! what avails? where his honey Love sips, nerve
Your soul to denial, Love will sip there again
And again till the end: as it has been it will be:
Aye, stronger than strength of Death's fear Love shall still be,
Cruel Love that but plays with you fast in his chain.

vi OF HER HEART-SHAPED LOCKET, WORN SECRETLY IN HER BOSOM.

Ah! little Heart, how the Gods have been kind to you,
Heart of Gold,
To leave you at last by the beating pulse of the dearest
Heart on earth:

In the ages ago, as you lay by the Heart of the Rocks, that
was still and cold,
Did there break through the darkness a throb one day of the
dawn of your splendid worth?

Ah! yes, little Heart, how the Gods have been kind to you,
watched, sustained,
From the first sharp light of the heavens as they brake,
through the white, fierce fire,
Through the stroke upon stroke of the cunning fingers their
jealous wills ordained,
Till they saw you meet to be laid at last in the shrine of the
heart's desire.

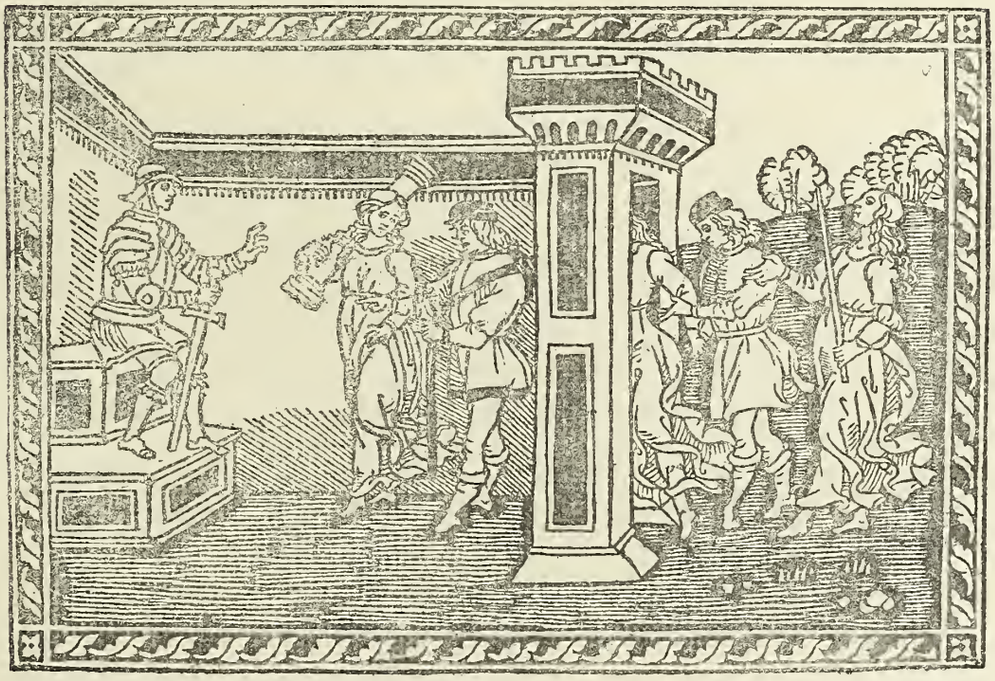
SELWYN IMAGE.

F THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "QUADRIREGIO," FLORENCE, 1508; TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED SOME REMARKS UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

The frontispiece to our last number consisted of a wood-cut done from a design by Mr. Selwyn Image. Our chief aim in publishing this, apart from whatever worth we may consider it to possess in itself, was to protest against the false standard of art which to-day entirely perverts the efforts of the wood-engraver. Several friends who criticised this illustration, although allowing us the best of intentions, were forced to confess it signified nothing to them but what was wayward and unintelligible. If they were right in expecting in a wood-cut merely a certain naturalistic representation of the subject proposed, then I am only too willing to confess that our illustration was entirely inadequate. But if, on the other hand, the treatment of a wood-cut, apart from its conception, consists in a simple, broad, decorative arrangement of lines and masses in black and white, so drawn that they can be cut with such labour only as is proportionate to the labour spent in making the drawing, then I must submit that whatever faults Mr. Image's design has, and we are very conscious of these faults, yet, as a wood-cut, it is from its mere treatment and style, not to be entirely passed over by those who would see this art lifted to a place comparable to that which it had among the early Italians, and in the hands of the first of the German masters. This much in Mr. Image's wood-cut, at least, should be acknowledged, that it strove to use the limitations of the art to its own advantage, and did not affect by a series of tricks to seemingly master that which is not to be overcome.

But in the art of to-day as generally understood by its innumerable aspirants, this would be deemed the least of virtues, or rather the most foolish of vices. The one object of that great body of artists would seem to be an endeavour to make their several arts express that which can be rightfully expressed only by another means. Those various qualities peculiar to each art are now ignored, which

THE DESCENT OF MINERVA. FOL: C 5, VERSO.



THE PRESENTATION TO MARS.
FROM THE QUADRIREGIO.

FOL: O 4, VERSO.
FLORENCE, 1508.

in other times than ours were their strength and their beauty, and the delight of the masters who practised them. In water-colours, for instance, the charm of the transparent blotted pigment on the white paper is passed over in the attempt to emulate by means of body-colour painting in oils as it is known at the Exhibitions. And what is this painting in oils as it is known at the Exhibitions? An attempt, shall we say, to vie with the Venetians, to make the subtle greys of the solid painting gleam through the rich colour of the glazes, such as Titian was master of? Not altogether, I fear. In sculpture, again, the treatment of eyes or hair is the preferred problem, matters entirely beside the true office of the art. So in wood-cutting the great attempt is to imitate a wash drawing. Indeed, anything is aimed at but a delight in the precious quality it possesses, the vigour of the white and black. But enough of such protest. Let us rather turn to the better part and endeavour to see of what this wood-cutting with its vigour of black and white consists. Let us, in other words, try and understand something about it as a decorative art, for it is essentially a decorative art, and the decorative quality must largely enter into any attempt in it which is to be made with success.

If we analyse the various ways of treatment which the many differing schools of wood-engravers have from time to time legitimately employed, we shall find that they resolve themselves into two distinct methods. Of these, the one more usually met with might be called the draughtsman's method. Nearly all the early woodcuts are examples of this manner of treatment, as for instance the illustrations to the "Hypnerotomachia" of Poliphilo, Venice, 1499, or the Bible cuts of Hans Holbein, or the three sheets of the Fortunes, fol. A to A 2, in Sigismondo Fanti's "Triompho di Fortuna," 1527. In this method the draughtsman treats the surface of the block, which really represents one even, black mass, as if it were a sheet of white paper and draws his design in black and white upon it, in fact makes a pen and ink drawing; the engraver then proceeding to cut away those parts of the surface of the block that have not been covered by the ink lines. The second method, which is a complete reversal of the first, and the one natural to a wood-cutter, might be called the engraver's method. Here the

block is treated as the mass of unrelieved black which it really is, and out of it the white lights are cut straight away by the graver. Among the early examples of this method I do not know any finer, so far as the design and treatment are concerned, than the more delicately cut of the illustrations, in the Florentine edition of 1508, to the "Quadriregio" of Federico Frezzi, of which a selection is given in facsimile with this number. But these beautiful cuts, as I shall show later on, were not engraved by the artist who designed them, and consequently have not that complete directness of method and economy of labour which we find in some of the early German cuts on metal, and in a few other rare examples on wood. But we must turn to more recent times if we want a really accessible instance, to William Blake's illustrations to the Pastorals of Virgil, and to the cuts of Thomas Bewick, who carried the powers of this method for minute and delicate expression as far as they legitimately could be.

The reason why the woodcuts which have been done by this second or engraver's method are comparatively so few in number is, I think, because there have been but few engravers who designed their own cuts. We know certainly, for instance, that Albert Dürer did not himself engrave his designs for the "Little Passion;" and could the truth be known, I am inclined to believe it would be found that all the early cuts by manifest Italian and German *masters*, not treated according to this second method, were cut by men other than those who designed them. For is it in accordance with what we know of these men, that they should spend many days in cutting a pen and ink drawing which only took them as many hours to make, when by the process natural to the engraver an effect in every way as satisfactory, could be obtained by a tithe of the labour? In more recent times, whenever a man with the instincts of a master cuts his own blocks, as was the case with Blake and Bewick, we find him employing the engraver's method.

It is exceedingly to be regretted that we have no accomplished draughtsman, with a sense of style and design, who could adorn our books with cuts executed in this manner, for it possesses an artistic charm arising from its mere technical process which the other method cannot give us. It is the charm which results from any effect being produced

by only such expense of labour as is altogether necessary to its production. It is the charm of the brush-work of Veronese and of the pen work of Raphael, and like all such artistic qualities cannot be put at a value. But perhaps my meaning would be more plain were I to give an example. Let me take the cross-hatching which we find in the woodcuts of Albert Dürer. This, although drawn with the utmost ease with a pen, could only be cut by an amount of labour truly surprising when we consider the state of the art at that time, the face of the block being cut parallel, and not as now at right angles, to the grain of the wood, and a knife in shape somewhat like a lancet being used in lieu of our graver.

The four wood-cuts from the Florence, 1508, edition of the "Quadriregio," of which facsimiles are given with the present number, form part of a series of an hundred and twenty-six illustrations, though of this number several are but repetitions of the same cut, one being repeated as many as three times, and several twice. Nothing is known as to who designed them, except that the cut on the first page of the poem, which is one of these repeated cuts, bears the initials L V: and although they have been attributed to Signorelli, both Mr. Fairfax Murray who made the suggestion, as well as Mr. Colvin, are now inclined to think the whole matter undecidable. From internal evidence it would appear that the artist who designed these illustrations did not engrave them himself, since at least four distinct hands are traceable, perhaps five. Unfortunately, eighty-seven out of the entire hundred and twenty-six blocks, have been so angularly cut by two of these engravers, and with so little feeling for the original drawing, as to be almost ruined. All the cuts in quires A to E, except the five cuts on leaves C3 to C5, and perhaps that on leaf C, have been engraved by these two hands. Of the more delicately engraved blocks, the greater number are to be found together at the end of the volume. There are two copies of the book in the British Museum.

Perhaps there is no other wood-cut in the series so entirely satisfactory in its execution as the two cuts occurring on leaves M5 and M6 of the original, which are reproduced as a frontispiece to the present number. The foreground throughout seems to have been left to the skill of the en-

graver to treat as he best could; and in these two cuts only is its tone, in relation to the rest of the design, quite admirably managed. There is, also, in them a finer sense for the drawing, and a truer artistic feeling than elsewhere in the book. The other two cuts given at the commencement of this article, from leaves C5 verso and O4 verso of the original, show a somewhat too heavy hand in the foreground, but otherwise the engraver seems to have caught the charm of the original drawing. In all these four cuts the one dominant quality is that decorative element to which all else in them has been made subservient. The raising of the dark foreground so that the figures may stand out against it, the treatment of the trees with their white trunks, and the simple border surrounding the whole, are full of instruction for whoever has the interests of true wood-engraving at heart. In the last cut, "the Presentation to Mars," the effective use of the dark, architectural panels should prove a valuable suggestion as to what might be done this way. It recalls the singular employment of the black masses in Hans Burgkmair's Triumph of Maximilian.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

THE Quadriregio, from which the accompanying illustrations are taken, is a poem by Federico Frezzi, Bishop of Foligno in the early part of the fifteenth century, composed by him in imitation of Dante. The title-page of the first edition, 1481, reads in English as follows:—"Quatriregio of the course of human life by Messer Federico Frezzi. Divided into four books according to the four kingdoms. In the first is treated of the kingdom of the God Cupid. In the second of the kingdom of Satan. In the third of the kingdom of the Vices. In the fourth and last of the kingdom of the Goddess Minerva, and of Virtue." Little is known of the author's life except that he was a Dominican, a native of Foligno, and that he was made Bishop of that city on October 17, 1403; that he was present at the Councils of Pisa and Constance, and died in the latter city in 1416. His poem shows him to have been a man of great learning, and MSS. on canon law, mathematics, and astronomy, formerly in his possession, existed in the eighteenth century in the library of the Dominican convent at Foligno. His merits as a

1887-88.

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poet have been variously estimated, but Tiraboschi and Quadrio, the chief literary historians of Italy, speak of him with great respect. His appreciation of Dante is at all events to his honour. His own poem, moreover, was in high repute at the revival of literature, six editions having appeared from 1481 to 1511. It has since been only once reprinted, Foligno, 1725. This edition contains a copious commentary, a life of the author, a vindication of his authorship against other claimants, and an exhaustive discussion of all points connected with him and his work.

The only edition of Frezzi's poem, however, with which we are in this place concerned is that printed at Florence in 1508, at the expense of Piero Pacini da Pescia, and this on account of the singular and beautiful engravings with which it is illustrated. It is singular that neither the Foligno editors, nor Brunet in his "Manuel du Libraire," who describes the edition in other respects very fully, take any notice of these remarkable illustrations. An account, however, will be found in Lippman, "Der Italiänische Holzschnitt," p. 30, this book itself being a reprint from the "Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen" for 1885. They have been attributed to Luca Signorelli on account of the initials L V on the first cut, these having been supposed to represent his real name, Luca Egidio di Venturi. It appears, however, that he never signed L V, but that his usual signature was L C for Luca di Cortona. No other candidate has been proposed, and the only certain facts respecting them are their publication in 1508 and their affinity to Botticelli's designs in illustration of Dante. Of their general character the specimens given in our present number will enable our readers to judge.

It remains to give some account of the subjects of the wood-cuts selected for reproduction.

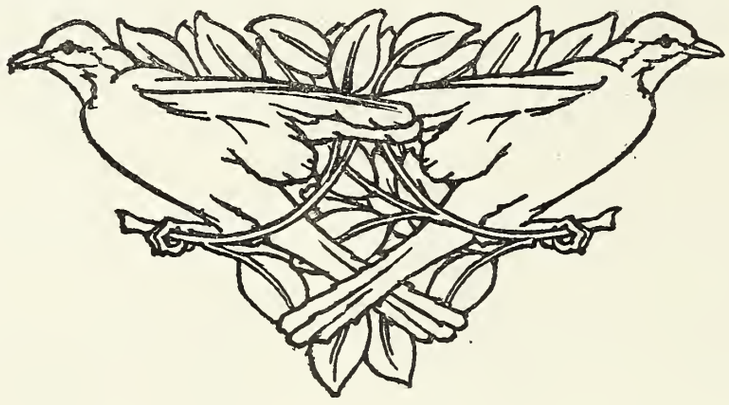
Plate 1 (M 5 of original text) represents the meeting of the author and his guide Minerva with Dives in the portion of the Inferno reserved for gluttons.

Plate 2 (M 6 of original text) represents the author's pursuit of Cupid, who appears in the Inferno in his true character as an evil spirit, and seeks to conceal himself.

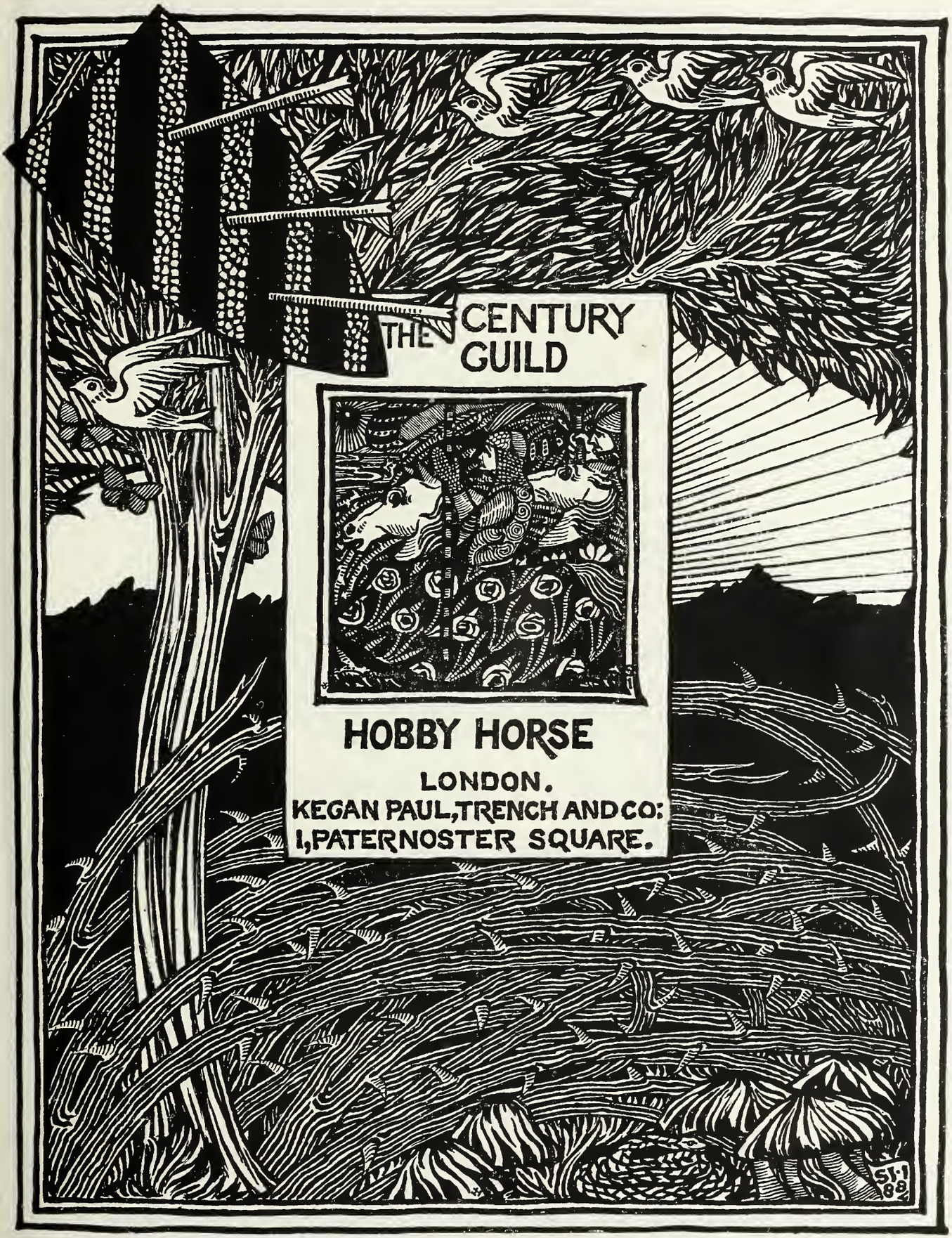
Plate 3 (fol. C 5 verso of original) represents the descent

of Minerva to a troop of mountain nymphs, for the purpose of carrying one of them off to the celestial regions. The chosen one is Ylbina, the beloved of the poet, who may be observed watching the transaction from the shelter of a grove. At his entreaty Venus beseeches Minerva to restore the nymph, but Minerva is obdurate, and exhorts him on the contrary to follow her, to which, being blinded by the allurements of Venus, he is at that time unable to bring himself.

Plate 4 (O 4 verso of original) represents the goddess Fortitude, symbolised by her column, presenting the author to Mars in the kingdom of Valour in the terrestrial Paradise. RICHARD GARNETT.



THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE.



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ERRATA.

Read p. 123, "Potentia Silentii," for "Potentia Silentiae."

NOTICES OF RECENT WORK.

We have been enabled through the courtesy of the Editors of the several Art journals in which have appeared notices of the recent work of the Century Guild, to give the following illustrations from the Guild's designs, together with passages from the articles in which these illustrations originally appeared.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY, DRAWN BY SELWYN IMAGE FOR THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK. "ATALANTA," SEPTEMBER, 1887.

This, with another of Mr. Image's designs, appeared in a thoughtful article by Miss F. Mabel Robinson, in which those interested in the art of embroidery may find special notice made of the School at South Kensington, and the admirable work produced there.

"Perhaps the most remarkable character in Mr. Image's work is that he should have undergone, as only a true artist can, the influence of two such opposite men as Mr. Burne-Jones and Jean François Millet. This catholicity of sympathy is at once his strength, and, to us who are not admitted into the inner court, his apparent weakness. The world likes her heroes always to take a strong and pronounced view, no matter how clumsy a criticism of the matter in hand it involves. She is intolerant of any delicacy of perception that can admit the good of most opposite standpoints. Such a delicacy of appreciation is to her at once weak and illogical. And yet we need not hope to have any wealth of fresh ideas wherewith to nourish our coming Art, if such good fortune is to be given us, until we are capable of criticising the life around us in this way."

The Art Journal, *September*, 1887.

"Probably the most unique and original of the Furniture exhibits in the Manchester Exhibition is the one made by the Century Guild. It can fairly claim the distinction of being unlike any other furniture display, and although this is not *per se*, a merit, yet in the case before us it undeniably is so. One is struck immediately with the simplicity and largeness of design pervading the

whole room. Breadth is the characteristic of all the work. There is no frittering away of interest in a multitude of small spindles, recesses, and shelves; but a broad conception of good line, and distribution of parts, and a nice sense of proportion evidences itself everywhere. The first impression one receives on entering the room is that of *baldness*, but this is due, no doubt, to the mental dissipation we have indulged in of late years in the matter of furniture, which has accustomed us to a multitude of small spaces and redundancy of detail, rather than simplicity of line and plain surfaces; and this impression is only evanescent, and is superseded by one of admiration for the courage that sets itself to control and guide Taste rather than follow in its wake, and admiration for the results it has achieved.

DESIGN FOR PRINTED VELVET, BY HERBERT P. HORNE, FROM THE "ART JOURNAL."

"The whole exhibit is important as indicating the tendency and drift of Taste in the next few years. Its one predominating characteristic is the evidence of careful thought and originality, a commodity which is not so common that we can afford to overlook it when it is presented to us, or ignore the story it seeks to tell us. Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne and their confrères are not content with conglomerating all sorts and conditions of old furniture, after the manner of a curiosity shop, dubbing it with high-sounding names. Their exhibit displays *thought* from beginning to end, and the work is all of it designed and specially made. Their endeavours cannot fail to be productive of good. The Century Guild are simply pioneers in a movement which will lead public taste to the appreciation of simpler forms and ideals of the beautiful in Art. In this effort they deserve the support and good wishes of all art-workers and art-lovers."

THE JOURNAL OF DECORATIVE ART, *November*, 1887.

AUTUMN.

WINTER.

We must close these extracts by a reference to a series of four designs, by Selwyn Image, for panels to be executed in embroidery, two of which we give in reduced facsimile, having already appeared in the "Art Designer." When completed they will be symbolical of the four Seasons. The third of the series will appear in the January number of that magazine, to be shortly following by the remaining design.

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Mr. Esling, at the Agents of the Century Guild.

In drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

Embroidery:

The Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, W.

Miss May Morris gives private lessons in embroidery, particulars on application, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Engraved Books and Facsimiles of the Works of Wm. Blake:

Mr. Muir, The Blake Press, Edmonton.

To be had of Mr. Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly, W.

During the present year, Mr. Muir hopes to publish engraved works from the designs of Mr. Herbert P. Horne.

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